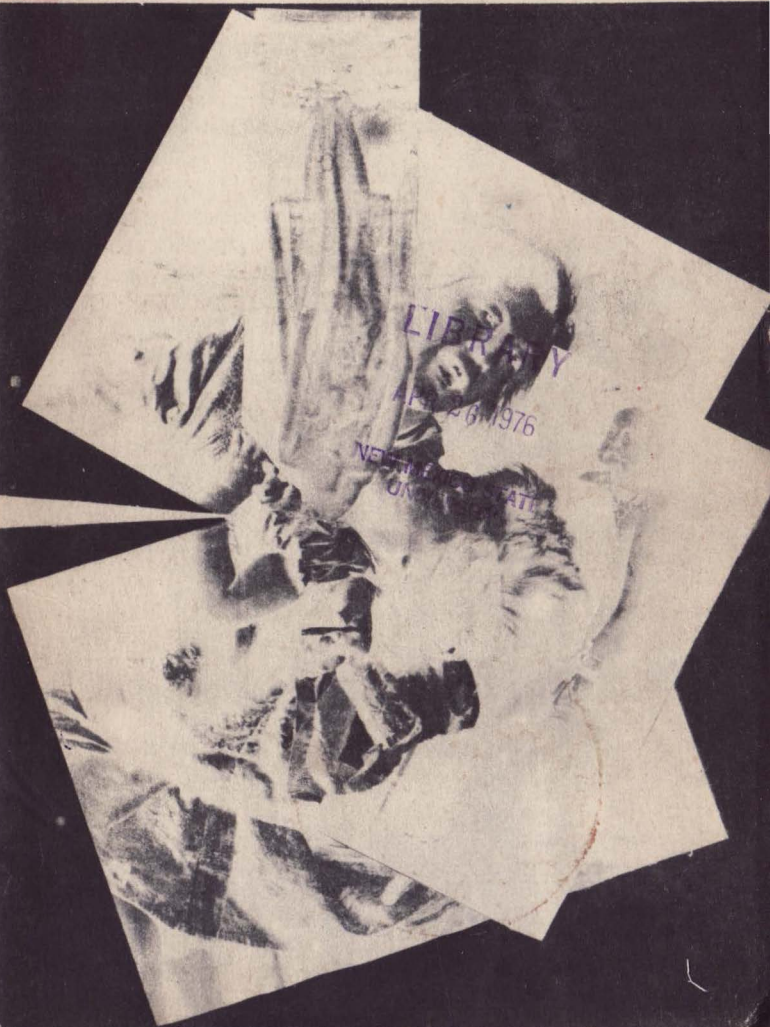


JOGLARS



JOGLARS

Volume 1 Number 1 Spring 1964

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3.XI.60

Love has many facets"

--jealous bitch murder

in a seaside shack

adultery trucks, insane coffee-gulpers

in jukebox chambers

clotting vengeance legal pistol

God is love, is a moist hand in the

thigh

is a glazed eye? is puking nineteen

in party bedroom?

old man feeling sensual baby?

10,000 Komsomol Kids building dams

Some things are better.

the sea has but one flavor,

that of salt.

30.I.64

stanza 13 from LOVE LION BOOK

from DOUBLE PEOPLE

(for Robert Kelly

THE BUTTERFLY IS FRUITING BODY OF THE PLASM SENT
/FORTH --

but the equal lion is permanent

A MAMMAL! Beating on his love,
developing a soul to accompany his spirit.
With hot blood the body is the spirit.

But Bacterium is sheer
technician of his eternity

-- and all here now immortalities!

LIFE IS NOT THOUGHT NOR INTELLECT BUT
PERFECT CREATION -- and another thing
there is no word for -- nor
ever will be but in lovely

RAVING!

What is that other thing?

What Drama?

What sword and blood and purring
and touch and taste and lick
and smell that burned in rounded
youth

blaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

An estate of majesty!

A PERFECT BREAST!

An inspired delicacy of sense.

AN OUTBURST OF A UNIVERSE
beyond conceived of
molecules of matter, or
any other kind...

I cross the store towards the mirror covering
the rear wall, and the ringing telephone beneath
the mirror, I punch seven and pick it up saying
yes making it clear I want the you to respond, I
hear a main-office secretary's voice whisper yes
and then begin my name in inner hatred and sup-
pression of frenzy her tongue torches and sizzles
through the two syllables of my first name in-
quiring the grade number of the fabric for the
R Ohio I sold to customer -- I get the gold copy
of the receipt from the portable files to my
left and look at the sale I had written yesterday
remembering the man and woman and I see the fabric
grade number, the carbon had blurred yet I have
the number from memory and the secretary's voice
and the words 'what is' form her cry of exaspera-
tion, I answer and her snarled thank and singing
you brushes me off, secures the hatred of her
existence and causes me to stare at the mirrored
store behind my mirrored face in the distant
receiver's click she runs over the horizon as the
phone rings anew I punch five and the voice says
she wants to speak to Mister who is the one? I
am I answer, this is, she gravely announces she
is who I tell her her name is you were expecting
me to call, did they come in yet? In two weeks,
I answer in two weeks in two weeks! They were
promised for yesterday and I explain saying I do
understand, I know you do, she says and I imagi-
nate aloud, narrating the difficulty with the
shipment a slow boat from China, problems with
customs and the first load of guns was rusty in
soft laughter saying my name which laughter I
join promising to call her when the chairs come
in I am making a note and I make a note we say

goodbye I put the note in my personal file making a mental note to remember to look in the file and hold my hand in the air over the telephone which rings I punch seven drawing the pleasant feminine voice into my experience hearing it ask if that strawberry blonde saleslady is there no today is her day off and I ask if I may help, she responds yes, last week, she says, she bought a chest now could she change it from the oiled walnut finish to the satin yes, I say, but it will mean a little delay, the phone rings, five lighting blinking and ringing, I will do it would you excuse me, I ask, I have another call, do it, she says, Okay I will I say I mean take the time! she cries, I mean the extra time for the satin finish! I will do that I answer, taking her name and making a note to call the embittered secretary, going through the files and finding the gold copy and changing the finish assuring the woman and hanging up and taking five, yes, hearing the trembling tongue between the trembling lips in front of the shaky voice cautiously saying hello out of the wary mind of the elderly homosexual Buyer and floor-manager of the main store asking in shattered sentences do you (me) have that blue and green striped madras pattern up there, I say we have twenty five patterns and I ask him the code number to check our swatches he stammers cursing he doesn't know viciously stuttering stumbling over consonants how can I expect him to know he is cowering against his desk clutching nerve endings eyes watery face lined and glossy his brown teeth chatter mouth red and amorphous slipping across his twitching face like a disembowled fish and his eyes widen flutter and glisten hysterically in middle aged distraction he wants to be hurt and be friends, I answer I'll take a look, I do we don't oh he says forgetting his reason for calling no blue and green madras I say he laughs dans le petite guilt yeah, he says in reaction to me seeing him, thank, he says and sings you, hangs up and I am standing on the floor of the uptown branch of the furniture store where I

work, my feet are firmly planted on the metaphorical floor in front of a mirrored wall, I face the street-door looking along the sunfilled invisible hallway down which all customers come into the store I remembering a recurring fantasy that my footfall is in rhythm with feet walking all over America -- when I enter the store and my job and continue my life impatient, apprehensive, guilty, self-conscious, self-piteous, afraid angry defensive and constantly surprised that I must be me that sells furniture in conscious sentiment -- a tall crossfire of confusion and expectation in a dream in a lighted office or waiting room, another man stood to my left he was much taller and of dramatic private eyes I gazed up at him in childish awe and envy, I looked over his left shoulder at the pebbled glass door, the air had changed and a slanting shadow of death darkened the glass I cried waking out still the child! Will I never go to the darkened door open it and confront that grim shadow with the tall figure I invent and envy? "You can sit there," I say to the little boy as I would say to me or vice versa "but," I make a gesture with my hand, "no feet on the furniture," his mother pivots, glares down at him cries NO FEET exclaiming his name repeating the order, "his feet," I say angrily to her, "not him," watching her inner indecision of what she now is, her hands waver in the air angrily, self-conscious, irritably, sorrowfully, pleading and I regret it all remembering how my boss came across the floor of the store at me as I should come at me in a fantasy, in a dream with a quality of thunder and understanding, stalking sweeping in his stilted obliquity pipe in hand shaking it fiercely left and right in front of his gray razor face his dark eyes flashing No he cried shaking his head No! No! and coming to the little girl took her feet and placed them sticking off the edge of the sofa No Feet he firmly underlined in air his face smiling down on her sending me a fiery glance of hatred snarling and underlining those two words to me, No Feet.

LIB ERTYVER SUSOR DER / POEMS ON LIBERTY VERSUS ORDER

(for John Blum)

I. "Most Obedient and Most Humble Servant"

Hot Crotch, Nevada, Election Day;
the bartender says Sorry, Sir, the bars are closed...

That's impossible says W. C. Fields! Pox, plague &
/pestilentialia--
arcint thee, thou rump-fed runyon, et cetera!

Sorry, Sir, it's the Law.

Who made this law?

The People, Sir.

That's carrying democracy too far!

That day, Great Fields drank a glass of (ye gad, Sir)
/just plain water -- never
forget it.

II. Liberty/Libertarian/Libertine

"Human mind prone to limit its view
/by near and local objects"
-- Alexander Hamilton

the First Amendment
states clearly

Congress shall make
no law abridging the freedom of
speech, so

yell FIRE in a
crowded theatre, go

ahead, if there happens to be
a fire

III. The Groove; or, How to Acculturate, Encap-
sulate & Extrapolate an Holistic Intrasurface

"Politics is funny"
-- Cactus Jack Garner

oil the water and
walk on it,

oligopolites
one and

all

THREE POEMS
IN ONE YEAR,
JONATHAN

O Catullus

To foreclose
or not
on property
and prose

or care a kite
if the p.-p.
be yellow, black
or white

To my small
electric pump

To sense
and sound
this world

look to
your snifter
valve

take oil
and hum

.

I visit
the graves

Great grandfather
under wild flowers sons
sons here now I
eye
of us all

but sonless
see no
hop
clover boy to stop
before me

THE ORDERS OF

Tlas kinglist watchdog dogstar
will wandering urgent
because possible clarity
of undoing Thinite harm,
belched from el Fayum
anacreontic asphaltum or what we
call bitumen.

Tlas appears on Manetho's kinglist. No lately re-
discovered king has a Horus-name like that or a
cobra-vulture name like that or a bee-sedge name
like that. We recognize his works, res gesta in
the old words, what he did & what got done. Yet
that name, Tlas. Which should by all root-law be
eponym of all our western order. From that root
(by "euphony") Atlas, Atlantis, Atlantic. Going
to the west & finding nothing. What was there
brought east, into Egypt, first dynasty, to bal-
ance or make sweet the pressures from their east,
the other river-valley, "harmony-tongued" Sumer?

sacred name:

ONOMAWADASA EGRELDOLA
(anaphid clutaiminis gelgal
virgid anesto) old-tongued
hilltalk

will we beside ourselves
endopath remorseless
words of a dream), (incomprehensible

here I am
young at you who wait for me,

fat
crow on the shitpile of the morning,
when it comes but not before,

when
doing it up to the sky against it
as often as it falls
something was,
not there before.

VARIATIONS AFTER MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI

(1)

voice of the Commandatore
he who gives the
says the
command
summons
what we find to be
an elevator
whereby the hero
sinks down beneath our sight
leaving the sacred
choros merry

hear him,
the stony tongued
right voice of our age
summoning
collapse of the person
down
into the genetics of the song,
dark stairs of Form
leading to what we
cannot know
until we've gone down there ourselves

(2)

Now we are ready to fall into hell
past the bodies we have loved to get there o
those setting suns
 sums
 it is heaven if we
hold there, hold measure there, hold
those bodies that came before & follow us down

The body of the other
is always pre-existent,
 here before us
 ("Don Giovanni," the
statue calls)

 fucking towards an
absolute of otherness
 ("& in Spain
one thousand three"
 risen to that eternal bait),

her body
drawing us
who hunger & thirst
after the living body of justice
 outward,
the outward,
the not-me,
 racking the numbers up,
deathless
 ("Answer me!" the
statue demands)
 the outward body
which is the mystery it would conceal,
these in ripeness before me,
 her body
before I was
 making me be.

Fat lift
of waters
rolling easy
over

 uneasy
does that make
it easier to say
safer to say
 this
serves as commentary
to the setting
of the Phaedrus,

we dare put no
adjective to it,
borrow a word from
our own condition
& make it fit
 what now
the big white
red plimsolled
tanker floats down-
stream on,
seeking a city
following its nose

JOHN WIENERS

A Tribute to Raymond Chandler

from Farewell, My Lovely

He tasted it, thought about it, nodded and said: 'This come out of the correct bottle, brother. In what manner can I be of service to you? There ain't a crack in the sidewalk 'round here I don't know by its first name. Yessuh, this liquor has been keepin' the right company.' He refilled his glass.

'Oh, a private guy. You ain't said that, mister.' She wagged a finger at me with gay reproach. 'But your liquor says you're an all-right guy at that. Here's to crime.' She poured a third drink for herself and drank it down.

He handed me the manilla envelope and I opened it up and looked at what was inside. It was money all right, a huge wad of currency. I didn't count it. I snapped the rubber around again and stuffed the packet down inside my overcoat. It almost caved-in a rib.

I felt the back of my head. My hat was still on. I took it off, not without discomfort, and felt the head underneath. Good old head. I'd had it a long time. It was a little soft now, a little pulpy, and more than a little tender. But a pretty light sapping at that. The hat had helped. I could still use the head. I could use it another year anyway.

The call had come at 10.09. Marriott had talked maybe two minutes. Another four had got

us out of the house. Time passes very slowly when you are actually doing something. I mean, you can go through a lot of movements in a very few minutes. Is that what I mean? What the hell do I care what I mean? Okay, better men than me have meant less. Okay, what I mean is that would be 10.15, say. The place was about twelve minutes away, 10.27. I get out, walk down in the hollow, spend at the most eight minutes fooling around and come back up to get my head treated. 10.35. Give me a minute to fall down and hit the ground with my face. The reason I hit with my face, I got my chin scraped. No, I can't see it. I don't have to see it. It's my chin and I know whether it's scraped or not. Maybe you want to make something of it. Okay, shut up and let me think. What with?...

Twenty minutes' sleep. Just a nice doze. In that time I had muffed a job and lost eight thousand dollars. Well, why not? In twenty minutes you can sink a battleship, down three or four planes, hold a double execution. You can die, get married, get fired and find a new job, have a tooth pulled, have your tonsils out. In twenty minutes you can even get up in the morning. You can get a glass of water at a night club--maybe.

'I get it. You ask the answers. He-man stuff. I was looking at a man.'

'Sometimes at night I go riding. Just restless. I live alone. I'm an orphan. I know all this neighborhood like a book. I just happened to be riding along and noticed a light flickering down in the hollow. It seemed to be a little cold for young love. And they don't use lights, do they?'

'I don't know why not. I just feel it that way. I'll play it alone.'

She was wearing a tobacco-brown suit with a high-necked white sweater inside it. Her hair by daylight was pure auburn and on it she wore a hat with a crown the size of a whiskey glass and a brim you could have wrapped the week's laundry in. She wore it at an angle of approximately forty-five degrees, so that the edge of the brim just missed her shoulder. In spite of that it looked smart. Perhaps because of that.

'Cops are just people,' she said irrelevantly.

'I thought it was diamonds. A bracelet, a pair of ear-rings, a pendant, three rings, one of the rings with emeralds too.'

'Oh, I didn't get all that from him, silly. Just about the necklace. The rest I got from Giddy Gertie Arbogast.'

'What makes you so sure the killer took dope?'
'I'm not sure. I just said that. Most punks do.'

I sat looking at the card. Jules Amthor, Psychic Consultant, By Appointment Only, Stillwood Heights phone number, no address. Three like that rolled inside three sticks of tea, in a Chinese or Japanese silk cigarette-case with an imitation tortoise-shell frame, a trade article that might have cost thirty-five to seventy-five cents in any Oriental store, Hooey Phooey Sing--Long Sing Tung, that kind of place, where a nice-mannered Jap hisses at you, laughing heartily when you say that the Moon of Arabia incense smells like the girls in Frisco Sadie's back parlour.

'I ain't sayin' I am, young man, and I ain't sayin' I ain't. Who are you?' It was a high twangy voice, made for talking over an eight-party line.

Her eyes receded and her chin followed them. She sniffed hard. 'You been drinkin' liquor,' she said coldly.

I left her laughing. The sound was like a hen having hiccups.

A man in a dark blue Russian tunic and shiny black puttees and flaring breeches stood in the half-open gates. He was a dark, good-looking lad, with plenty of shoulders and shiny smooth hair and the peak of his rakish cap made a soft shadow over his eyes. He had a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and he held his head tilted a little, as if he liked to keep the smoke out of his nose. One hand had a smooth black gauntlet on it and the other was bare. There was a heavy ring on his third finger.

There was no number in sight, but this should be 862. I stopped my car and leaned out and asked him. It took him a long time to answer. He had to look me over very carefully. Also the car I was driving. He came over to me and as he came he carelessly dropped his ungloved hand towards his hip. It was the kind of carelessness that was meant to be noticed.

I pulled the key out of the ignition and threw the door open and got out. That put me about a foot from him. He had a nice breath. Haig and Haig at least.

'You've been at the sideboard again,' I said.

'You're a nice lad,' I said, and patted his shoulder. 'Dartmouth or Dannemora?'

'So nice of you to come,' she said. 'This is my husband. Mix Mr. Marlowe a drink, honey.'

'Oh, I hope you can.' She gave me a smile I could feel in my hip pocket.

Anne Riordan took her lower lip between her teeth and held it there for a moment as if making up her mind whether to bite it off and spit it out, or leave it on a while longer.

She shrugged her pale blue shoulders. I tried to keep my eyes where they belonged.

She pulled her dress down. 'These damn things are always up around your neck.'

'I have to work in my own way. This way.' I took a long drink and it nearly stood me on my head. I swallowed a little air.

'What's your name?'

'Phil. What's yours?'

'Helen. Kiss me.'

The Scotch, as good enough Scotch will, stayed with me all the way back to Hollywood. I took the red lights as they came.

He wore a brown suit of which the coat was too small for his shoulders and his trousers were probably a little tight under the armpits. His hat was at least two sizes too small and had been perched in freely by somebody it fitted better than it fitted him. He wore it about where a house wears a wind vane. His collar had the snug fit of a horse-collar and was of about the same shade of dirty brown. A tie dangled outside his buttoned jacket, a black tie which had been tied with a pair of pliers in a knot the size of a pea. Around his bare and magnificent throat, above the dirty collar, he wore a wide piece of black ribbon, like an old woman trying to freshen up her neck.

The Indian got in beside the chauffeur and the car turned in the middle of the block and a cop across the street said: 'Hey!' weakly, as if he

didn't mean it, and then bent down quickly to tie his shoe.

His eyes were deep like that. And they were also eyes without expression, without soul, eyes that could watch lions tear a man to pieces and never change, that could watch a man impaled and screaming in the hot sun with his eyelids cut off.

The light went out. The room was as black as Carrie Nation's bonnet.

I let go of the gun and took hold of his wrists. They were greasy and hard to hold. The Indian breathed gutterally and set me down with a jar that lifted the top of my head. He had my wrists now, instead of me having his. He twisted them behind me fast, and a knee like a corner-stone went into my back. He bent me. I can be bent. I'm not the City Hall. He bent me.

There was a little more silence, more curves, more winding ribbons of concrete, more darkness, and more pain.

I dived into it. It had no bottom.

Cotton flannel pajamas. The kind they have in the County Hospital. No front, not a stitch more than what is essential. Coarse, rough material. The neck chafed my throat. My throat was still sore. I began to remember things. I reached up and felt the throat muscles. They were still sore. Just one Indian, pop. Okey, Hemingway. So you want to be a detective? Earn good money. Nine easy lessons. We provide badge. For fifty cents extra we send you a truss.

The throat felt sore, but the fingers feeling it didn't feel anything. They might just as well

have been a bunch of bananas. I looked at them. They looked like fingers. No good. Mail order fingers. They must have come with the badge and the truss. And the diploma.

Dope. I had been shot full of dope to keep me quiet. Perhaps scopolamine too, to make me talk. Too much dope for the time. I was having the French fits coming out of it. Some do, some don't. It all depends how you are put together. Dope.

Time passed again. I don't know how long. I had no watch. They don't make that kind of time in watches anyway.

They built the Pyramids and got tired of them and pulled them down and ground the stone up to make concrete for Boulder Dam and they built that and brought the water to the Sunny Southland and used it to have a flood with.

I walked all through it. I couldn't be bothered.

I got the key from the outside of the door and locked it from the inside and went through him. He had more keys. One of them fitted my closet. In it my clothes hung. I went through my pockets. The money was gone from my wallet. I went back to the man with the white coat. He had too much money for his job. I took what I had started with and heaved him on to the bed and strapped him wrist and ankle and stuffed half a yard of sheet into his mouth. He had a smashed nose. I waited long enough to make sure he could breathe through it.

This was the time to leave, to go far away. So I pushed the door open and stepped quietly in.

'Remarks want you to make them,' I said. 'They have their tongues hanging out waiting to be said.

This thing here--' I waved the blackjack lightly-- 'is a persuader. I had to borrow it from a guy.'

He reddened and grabbed for the whiskey and poured himself another drink and downed it fast. He drew a deep breath and shuddered. He didn't like the taste of liquor. Dopers never do.

'But me no buts. I'll make a sop of you. I'll drown you in a butt of Malmsey wine. I wish I had a butt of Malmsey wine myself to drown in. Shakespeare. He knew his liquor too. Let's have a little of our medicine.' I reached for his glass and poured us a couple more. 'Get on with it, Karloff.'

She came back with the glass and her fingers, cold from holding the cold glass, touched mine, and I held them for a moment and then let them go slowly, as you let go of a dream when you wake with the sun in your face and you have been in an enchanted valley.

I unlocked the door of my apartment and went in and sniffed the smell of it, just standing there, against the door for a little while, before I put the light on. A homely smell, a smell of dust and tobacco smoke, the smell of a world where men live and keep on living.

'The name's like a song. A song in a dirty bathtub.'

I looked into my cup. The damned little fool. 'It looked funny, him--Marriott--having that extra case. With the reefer in it. It seems they make them up like Russian cigarettes down in Bay City, with hollow mouthpieces and the Romanoff arms and everything.'

'I like smooth, shiny girls, hardboiled and loaded with sin.'

'Not yours, pal.' His voice was acid--cold acid.

It got darker. I thought; and thought in my mind moved with a kind of sluggish stealthiness, as if it were being watched by bitter and sadistic eyes. I thought of dead eyes looking at a moonless sky, with black blood at the corners of the mouths beneath them. I thought of nasty old women beaten to death against the posts of their dirty beds. I thought of a man with bright blond hair who was afraid and didn't quite know what he was afraid of, who was sensitive enough to know that something was wrong, and too vain or too dull to guess what it was that was wrong. I thought of beautiful rich women who could be had. I thought of nice, slim, curious girls who lived alone and could be had too, in a different way. I thought of cops, tough cops that could be greased and yet were not by any means all bad, like Hemingway. Fat, prosperous cops with Chamber of Commerce voices, like Chief Wax. Slim, smart and deadly cops like Randall, who for all their smartness and deadliness were not free to do a clean job in a clean way. I thought of sour old goats like Multy who had given up trying. I thought of Indians and psychics and dope doctors.

I walked around and tried to see if anybody walked behind me in any particular way. Then I sought out a restaurant that didn't smell of frying grease and found one with a purple neon sign and a cocktail bar behind a reed curtain. A male cutie with henna'd hair drooped at a bungalow grand piano and tickled the keys lasciviously and sang 'Stairway to the Stars' in a voice with half the steps missing.

I got back into the boat. Mess-jacket looked at me with his silent, sleek smile. I watched it

until it was no longer a smile, no longer a face, no longer anything but a dark figure against the landing lights. I watched it and hungered.

I looked at him again. He had the eyes you never see, that you only read about. Violet eyes. Almost purple. Eyes like a girl, a lovely girl. His skin was as soft as silk. Lightly reddened, but it would never tan. It was too delicate. He was bigger than Hemingway and younger, by many years. He was not as big as Moose Malloy, but he looked very fast on his feet. His hair was that shade of red that glints with gold. But except for the eyes he had a plain farmer face, with no stagey kind of handsomeness.

'I'm afraid of death and despair', I said. 'Of dark water and drowned men's faces and skulls with empty eyesockets. I'm afraid of dying, of being nothing, of not finding a man named Brunette.'

'But he can be had,' I said, and laughed.

I stopped thinking. Lights moved behind my closed lids. I was lost in space. I was a gilt-edged sap come back from a vain adventure. I was a hundred-dollar package of dynamite that went off with a noise like a pawnbroker looking at a dollar watch. I was a pink-headed bug crawling up the side of the City Hall.

She leaned forward a little and her smile became just a little glassy. Suddenly, without any real change in her, she ceased to be beautiful. She looked merely like a woman who would have been dangerous a hundred years ago, and twenty years ago daring, but who today was just Grade B, Hollywood.

'Get away from me, you son of a bitch,' she said.

I threw a pillow but it was too slow. She shot

him five times in the stomach. The bullets made
no more sound than fingers going into a glove.

This is Raymond Chandler the way he
wrote it in Farewell, My Lovely with
no changes. This is the man Holly-
wood beckoned for and who paid Holly-
wood back with a slap in the face.
This is the man destined for success,
who died alone, with a Persian cat.
This is I Tatti, in words. This is
Raymond Chandler, speaking.

-- John Weiners

On No. 18 for Orchestra


This work was written for the Brown University
Orchestra. It was given its first performance on
April 19, 1964. The six "instrument" groups (two
string groups, two wind groups, tape, and key-
boards) are to be spread stereophonically around
the hall if possible. All the groups, and espe-
cially the paired groups, are connected by having
the same elements passed around from event to
event. The pitch groups are derived from what I
call an individual instrument row -- a row which
uses all the possible pitches on a given instru-
ment. These pitch groups are selected by theo-
ries of combination and permutation. This applies
both to the six groups taken as a whole and to
the five components (instruments or groups of
instruments within a group) of each group. The
dynamic, speed, and attacks are all determined
through serialized chance operations. The tape
is a recording of Paul Blackburn reading his
"The Selection of Heaven, Section 16; w o r d s :
should have been spoken at graveside."

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PERFORMANCE

This work is for six groups of instruments. It is organized into 63 consecutive events, played without pause. These events are numbered 1-63. Various indications are given for each of these events, and the players create the elements from the given instructions.

Time - is given in seconds per event. The conductor gives a downbeat on the first second of each event. The players play until the next downbeat. Events are from 2"-18" long.
Total length - 10' 30".

Pitch - is given for each event. Only the given pitches may be played in an event. (Accidentals apply only to the note they precede). For each event the player organizes an order of his pitches and may only use that order in that event. He can repeat a note up to three times before going on to the next pitch, but he cannot repeat the pitch after going to another one until the pitch order is complete. (The order of which notes get repeated is free, and should not be predetermined, but the basic pitch order - without repeats - must be set and constant). In glissando passages the player goes from one pitch to the next, and then must go to a different pitch - he cannot repeat notes; he can only repeat the complete group. In the strings where chords are indicated each instrument plays his assigned note. In $\frac{1}{2}$ Valve sections the pitches are not intended to be exact. Simply finger them $\frac{1}{2}$ Valve.

Attack - The sign  means a downbeat. If it occurs on the bar it means the instruments

start preparing the first note (according to the speed & duration in that event - as explained below) from the downbeat and play after the downbeat when the note has been set correctly as indicated. If this sign occurs over the first note, the instruments prepare it before the downbeat and play the note on the downbeat. The first note must always be prepared according to the Dynamic, Speed & Duration given for that event. All first notes are prepared from all keys and valves open in the winds and from the lowest note on string and percussion instruments. On chords in the strings - they are not supposed to start sounding together - they have different distances to prepare.

Dynamic, Speed, & Duration - are given in a box which applies for one group of instruments. f means as loud as possible, almost verging on total distortion of sound; p = as soft as possible, just above inaudibility. SPEED is determined by physical action. For the wind instruments this means depressing the keys or valves for each note separately - the second key starting down after the first is down; the third immediately following the second, etc. - at an even rate and then adjusting the lip, instead of depressing the keys or valves all at once. When a note uses the same fingering as a previous one in the same event the speed is determined by the movement of the lip. $\frac{1}{2}$ Valve uses the same process except you depress the valves only half way instead of completely. For the keyboard instruments this means moving with one hand at an even rate across the

keyboard and striking the note upon arrival. For the strings (and trombone) - those instruments who change positions - this means moving at an even rate with one finger across one string until the note is reached. (Unless Gliss. is written there is not to be any sound between notes; only the action. Gliss. for the harp means a key gliss - slide the tuning key along the plucked string. Gliss. for the piano means the same except a metal or hard mallet should be used. Do not arrive at any specific note in either a harp or a piano gliss.). F means do this action as fast as you possibly can; J means do this action as slow (but evenly) as you can. (The strings do not observe these signs when they hold notes for an event - except in setting the "first" sound). Duration of pitch is given by \cdot or $-$. A \cdot means as short as possible - immediately stopped. (The mallet instruments should leave the mallets on the key - to prevent their ringing. On instruments with pedal, try to stop the sound, but leave pedal depressed if so indicated). $-$ means to let the pitch ring a time equal to the time taken by the action (fast or slow) to produce the pitch. The sound should be stopped after this time. (The strings observe these signs only when pizz. and they vibrate on $-$. Vibrato should not be used otherwise in the strings. The Vibraphone should use a fast vibrato all the time. The mallet instruments and the piano should stop the sound by hand. Pedal, if marked, is depressed throughout the event. Any instrument with a gliss. in an event does not observe these marks in that event).

In the parts, rests are indicated by the number of downbeats a player waits before playing again. These events are not equal on time so the player should count the downbeats carefully. Indications such as mute, $\frac{1}{2}$ Valve, pizz., Pedal, Gliss. and any other apply only to the event they occur in. If no such indication is given, play normally.

PZ April 2, 1964

PIANO

13" 11"

15 6

1 11

f f - p f -

PEP.

3" 7"

18 PIZZ. GLISS. 22 PIZZ. GLISS.

1 3

p 1. p 1.

15" 9"

34 PIZZ. GLISS. 36 PIZZ. GLISS.

1 2

p f. p 1 -

PEP.

10" 7"

29 36

f 1 - f f -

PEP.

12" 10" 11"

39 PIZZ. GLISS. 41 PIZZ. GLISS.

2 1 5

p 1. f f. p 1.

PEP.

13" 9"

48 PIZZ. GLISS. 54 PIZZ. GLISS.

1 5

p 1 - f f.

PEP.

10" 17"

53 PIZZ. GLISS. 59 PIZZ. GLISS.

1 2

f 1. f 1.

PEP.

10"

60

f 1.

PEP.

THE RIDDLE

what/s gray and comes in quarts
 is an elephant or my brain;
 what loves or walks slowly in
 the land is an elephant gray
 and old, they have waited a long
 time for her to give birth.
 what i am saying is the age,
 we live in, we grow old in,
 grayness is not a state of mind.
 you have red-blonde hair, another
 is black, and there are jews with
 orangey hair from the east of europe.
 come to whatever you come to slowly.
 haste makes elephants gray before
 their time, routs the bears from
 the caves before their time, turns
 the leaves before their time, only
 the weather should control the
 climate.

where else are we but in
 this parallel, caught between our
 own isobars, read the temperature,
 make sure it has numbers on it
 when it comes out. what/s gray
 and comes in quarts is a joke.

THE TITLE REPEATS

YOU/RE INTO IT ALREADY THIRTY-
 three years deep while the
 dawn comes up like two bulls one
 young one old walking down
 the hillside, let/s run
 down and jump a couple, let/s
 walk down and jump them all.

you/re into it already don/t
 try to deny it it don/t
 make a difference some blues
 singer shouted

where are the girls

where is forever love
 where is every snare and delusion
 where is how to write a poem again
 where is jesse where is

OLD STORY

a man was out walking his
 totem one day and
 got lost

but the
map is not the
territory he kept
screaming. neither
 was the territory. and
 tho he invented fire and
 bent his opposable thumbs and
 laughed and constructed
 memory, he sat there alone with
 this big goddamned bear next
 him.

when the woman found
her way to that neighborhood
she was in all her trappings,
her nine breasts bare, the
three little titties (32A),
the three big boobs (38D), and
the three leathery dugs (unknown),
and on one side of her
back the spinning wheel her
uncle had made her, and on
her left arm the leather
gauntlet for the bow over her
shoulder. tho some of her
arms were reaching out
others were pushing away, but
she had never seen fire
before, so she sat down.
it was also unclear to her
as to which was the bear.
soon this was discovered and
she turned into a reasonable
34 or 36, b or c cup. he
took one of her arrows, chopped
it in half, added a six-foot
long straight piece of locust
in the middle, and found himself
comforted able to stand up
holding this while she
slept. the bear kept growling
much of the time, as if to
say: hey bo, let/s get
out of here.

one day she
came upon agriculture.
the bear kept growling,
and every day the man laughed
with the bear, tousled its
hide, and turned back to
her. she still had all
those different arms, but
he thought there was a
key to that too, as to

the breasts. when the
crop of grain started coming
in he said to her: i
think i/ll sit down and
invent whiskey. the bear
kept growling.

next, for
want of anything better to
do, they made a house.
he said, later, it was
to keep the bear out. he
figured he could stand
or sleep in the doorway,
holding the long arrow.

some say that that
first night in the house,
all her arms except two
disappeared, tho those
two kept all the
designs of the others.

in any event, she
said, now you/re dealing
with reality. when
you invent whiskey this
time, or peyotl, for i
forget which end of the
territory we/re at, it/ll
be religion, and good for you.

he put down the long
arrow and took her
to bed, where they lay
happily for a while, in
all conceivable positions.
then he invented writing.

To You as Balboa, Let Us Say...

For R.

Only the missing you
pivots me.

After the words. After
you have gone naked to discover the Pacific
and I have repaired my lips
from their blood. Wishing you courage,
congratulating you on it all

'bon voyage
on your trip past Molokai'

It is your bone sockets how they
rocked you over me
Memory of the sea

or Rilke's 'without a tongue,
can conjure you at will'

After the words
after your offer to share the bed or
the inabilities

As it was that last night
with the moon bright across the water
as you went into me

tongue or magnificence
lighting my rooms till now.

Sockets, muscles of your back
under my hand still. No errors
in the way silence joins
or we rock. I wish you
courage, in any language, this
or whatever they speak where you go
without me.

After reading, a song

a light snow
a had been fallen

the brown most showed
knoll trunk knot treelings' U's

The Sound marsh water

ice clump
sparkling root etc

and so far out.

without whom many new young writers might never have appeared, a man devoted to vital and imaginative works.

Increasingly, he needs financial help. And it had best come from us, who have been receiving steadily for over ten years from his hands the Book as an object of beauty, as a "made place" for the articulation of present energies. It is ludicrous to hear Jargon repeatedly derided as "just another writers' press."

Useless, of course, to seek aid among the academies, foundations, and national centers. But if those who care can allow this man's designs to go under then it may be best to forego the unseen altogether.

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